

The Warren Record

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Guide For Living

There is a collect recited yearly by members of the Macon Woman's Club which ought to be, in our opinion, committed to memory by every child growing toward adulthood and the responsibilities that being a full-grown citizen brings.

It's the club collect, written by Mary Stewart, and no matter how often you hear it, it inspires you to do just a little bit better by your life.

Because of the courtesy of the Macon Woman's Club, we get to hear it once a year, and Monday night, it invoked the same feeling as always.

Believing it is too important to put onto the back burner for another year, we are reprinting it below in its entirety, hoping it evokes the same feeling for the reader that it does for this writer.

COLLECT

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in work, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene and gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences, that in the big things of life we are as one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great, common human heart of us all.

And, O Lord God, let us forget not to be kind.

Protection Needed

In The Durham Morning Herald When you mail your taxes today—assuming that you wait until the deadline as 99.9 percent of Durham's taxpayers seem to do—ask yourself, "Do I have any rights?"

Not when it comes to taxes. Consider the trials of a Texan whose check to the IRS was 2 cents less than it should have been. The IRS levied a fine of \$400.31—evidently figured on the basis of his total tax obligation, not the shortfall. He's still trying to get the IRS to reconsider.

Then there's Thomas Treadway of Pennsylvania, who, the IRS said, owed the government \$247,000. He didn't owe any such thing, but the IRS seized his girlfriend's bank account on the theory that he was hiding assets there. What rights did Mr. Treadway or his girlfriend have?

The stories of the IRS actions to extract tax payments are hilarious—that is, until they happen to you. Frankly, you need some protection. Even a low-life criminal like Miranda had his rights.

Sen. David Pryor, D-Ark., understands. He wants Congress to enact a "Taxpayers' Bill of Rights" that would strengthen the ordinary citizen's protections against IRS abuses.

Who's leading the opposition? The IRS! Skeptics believe the bill might cost the government

as much as \$200 million a year in lost revenue, but \$200 million is peanuts in a trillion-dollar budget. Besides, as Sen. Pryor says, citizens might be more willing to pay their fair share if they can trust that the IRS will treat them fairly.

This measure isn't aimed at protecting tax cheaters. They don't deserve mercy. Every dollar they withhold illegally from the federal treasury costs the rest of us.

But the ordinary citizen is unbelievably vulnerable to the whimsies of the IRS. Bank accounts and property can be seized without warning. The IRS can question you and begin action toward a criminal investigation without your having the right to counsel.

Sen. Pryor's bill doesn't seek to help you avoid taxes. It simply requires the government to treat you with respect. The IRS would be required to give fair notice before seizing a citizen's property or tying up a taxpayer's bank account. You would have the right to have a lawyer present when summoned for questioning by IRS agents.

Such rights are afforded to people whose sins are far more grievous than a confused tax return. It is time that government—which exists because you pay the bills—begins treating taxpayers like citizens.

The Warren County Scene



Closer inspection of what appears, at first glance, to be just another serene landscape-and-water-scene, reveals a cow—busy admiring her reflection as she takes a cooling drink from Reedy Pond Creek. (Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Looking Back Into The Record

April 30, 1948

Slightly more than \$300 has been cleared by the Woman's Club from the home talent play, which was presented last week at John Graham for the benefit of civic improvement. Steps have already been taken toward securing closed-type trash containers for Warrenton's Main Street.

The Rev. Howard S. Hartzell has arrived in Warrenton to assume his duties as rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church and will conduct his first service there on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Neal of Warrenton announced the birth of a son, Patrick Dudley, in the Hunter Clinic on April 22.

May 3, 1963

Dedication services for Saint Joseph the Worker Catholic Church will be held May 12 in its newly-constructed home on the Warrenton-Norlina Road.

The Drewry community is making rapid progress in completing a fire station for the location of a fire truck there, Wilson Fleming, club president, said this week.

Two "Mother's Day Specials" at Warrenton Furniture Exchange: a 12-piece sofa bed suite for \$177 and a 13-piece nine-drawer triple-dresser bedroom group for \$188.

May 4, 1978

J. Roger Peeler, Warren County superintendent of schools for more than 21 years, this week announced his resignation, effective June 30.

The Board of Directors of Vance-Granville Community College has approved the use of the George Allen home as a Warren County branch of the college, provided the county commissioners will approve a budget of \$117,000 for renovation of the building and first year operation, and a budget of about \$6,000 in subsequent years.

The Warrenton Arts Commission, citing as reasons a lack of broad-based community support and declining interest, Monday night agreed unanimously to disband in mid-June.



Displays of artwork created by area students commanded the attention of these youths and all persons who attended the Warren County Schools Schoolarts Festival held last Saturday on the Courthouse Square. In addition to displays of artwork, the event featured musical performances, face-painting and baked goods sales. (Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)



Kay Horner

Jury Is Still Out

In recent years, it has been a slum landlord's dream—a three-story, brick and stucco apartment building, not really fit for human habitation, but still standing, and therefore, rentable.

It was once described by its most famous tenant as a "dump." But it is now a prime example of what the prospect of demolition can do for preservation. Demolition, mind you, not deterioration, for the structure has been deteriorating for years and no one has seemed to care one whit.

Then along comes a developer who buys the property and announces plans to raze the building to make room for a park.

With that, comes the great hue and cry. The building, located on a muddy lot in the middle of midtown Atlanta, is where Margaret Mitchell penned much of her epic novel "Gone With the Wind." She and her husband, John Marsh, were tenants from 1926 to 1932 in a first floor apartment at what was then called Wind-sor House.

Trammell Crow Company, a big, big, bigtime development company, purchased the property in 1965 and soon determined that preservation of the house was not feasible. Plans were made to demolish it to make room for a park to complement new construction in the area.

Trammell Crow's plans came to an abrupt halt when Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young refused to sign the demolition permit, promising to do so only as a last resort, if all efforts at preservation failed.

The company's plans spurred formation of Mitchell House, Inc., a group whose members are pounding the pavement to gather enough bucks to save the building. So far, they have garnered \$850,000.

According to Associated Press, the group wants to restore the building, return Miss Mitchell's apartment to the way it appeared when she resided there, and establish a writer-in-residence program.

Trammell Crow, on the other hand, has determined that restoration would cost an estimated \$2 million and has instead proposed a plaque in the park designating the site where "Gone With the Wind" was written.

Developers and preservationists seem often at odds these days. Developers charge that nobody cares about the old landmarks until demolition is begun. Preservationists charge that developers run roughshod over our roots, turning the stuff of history into rubbish.

It would be nice if we could have preservation without development, but, like it or not, the fact is that nothing helps preservation efforts like a good shot of progress. Nothing makes us stand up and take notice like a bulldozer in front of a home with historical significance.

As for the future of the building Margaret Mitchell called "the dump," the jury is still out.

But it seems to me that if supporters of restoration have raised close to a million, that Trammell Crow could throw in another million, a mere pittance to a company that deals in megabucks, and produce one mighty fine tribute to one of the South's most celebrated writers.

The building, one writer noted, has suffered too long from those who, as Rhett Butler put it, frankly don't give a darnn.

Perhaps progress—and preservation—will win out at the corner of Peachtree and 10th streets.

Here and There

Howard Jones

Lagging Behind Escort

On the opposite page is an editorial from the Durham Morning Herald which chronicles some of the frustrating and unpleasant dealings between taxpayers and the Internal Revenue Service.

It is being published at the request of Jim Beckwith of Church Street, Warrenton, who submitted it, along with a plea that concerned citizens write their congressmen to express their dismay over the procedures of the tax-collecting agency.

Of particular interest to me is the role of Sen. David Pryor of Arkansas in trying to promote a "Taxpayers' Bill of Rights" that would put the ordinary citizen in a better position with respect to the Internal Revenue Service.

It has been almost 20 years since I last saw David Pryor, then a young congressman from Arkansas, a former newspaperman and a member of the House Ways and Means Committee.

He was in Durham to make a speech, and as his committee chairman, the then-powerful Wilbur Mills, had instructed him to return to Washington immediately after the speech in order to take part in an important vote, he was short on time.

My duty, that day, was to drive Congressman Pryor from the Durham hotel where the speech was given, to the Raleigh-Durham Airport, where a commuter plane awaited him.

In the interest of time, a police escort had been arranged by the Durham Police Department and the Durham County Sheriff's Department. The car I was driving, certainly no speeding bullet, did fairly well as Congressman Pryor and I set out behind a police cruiser for the airport. Congested streets and stop lights kept the speed down, and I managed to keep up with the escort car quite well.

Then, as we approached the city limit, a sheriff's car appeared and the police driver instructed me to pull in behind my new escort. We were now on the straight stretches of U.S. 70, and try as it would, my car could not keep pace with the sheriff's deputy and his partner. They roared down the highway, siren sounding, leaving the Congressman and me far behind.

When David Pryor and I eventually pulled into the airport, the two officers who were escorting us were waiting beside their car, obviously disgusted with the capability of both my car and its driver.

But all's well that ends well. Congressman Pryor got back to Washington on time, and my car didn't die from exhaustion, although it never did seem to like to follow a sheriff's car at any distance after that.

I knew Friday night that the master of ceremonies at a magic show given at the St. Regis Resort at North Topsail Shores for members of the Eastern North Carolina Press Association had a familiar face.

It was indeed someone I knew. It was Jack Jones, a native of Norlina who served for many years as a full-time noncommissioned officer in the division headquarters of the North Carolina National Guard in Raleigh.

Jack, who has acquired a Will Rogers-style manner, presided over the magic show with much ease, and performed several magic tricks, all with the use of rope and rings, much to the delight of the young children in his audience.

Four years ago Jack retired from the National Guard, and moved from Wake County to Emerald Isle on the coast. He has aged but little, and seems to be as efficient on the stage as he was while working for Uncle Sam.

From February To March

Jobless Rate Drops In Warren County

Warren County's jobless rate fell slightly from February to March, from 5.0 percent to 4.9 percent.

In February, Warren County had a labor force of 6,980, with 6,630 employed. The number of unemployed persons was 350. In March, 6,910 people made up Warren's labor force, with a total of 6,570 people employed. That left 340 people unemployed in March, 10 less than in February.

Surrounding counties and their rates fared about the same as Warren County. The only jobless rate increase was in Franklin County. The unemployment rate

for February was 4.3 percent. In March, that figure rose to 5.6 percent, with a total of 1,010 people unemployed of the 18,140 on the labor force.

Figures for February in Halifax County showed the unemployment rate at 6.5 percent. In March, that figure dropped to 5.8 percent.

Northampton County's jobless rate in March was 5.6 percent, slightly lower than February's figure of 5.9 percent.

Vance County showed the largest drop in the unemployment rate, from 9.6 percent in February to 7.9 percent in March.